Series II, in which Betty "Goes Abroad"

"Travels"

II. Betty's Trip to South America

PART FIRST

(Venezuela—Bolivia)

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WRITTEN BY REQUEST

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INTRODUCTORY

(Wherein Betty McAlister tells a bit of news to "Miss Margaret" and the girls, in missionary meeting assembled and just now in the enjoyment of the social half-hour which always follows the regular meetings of this society.)

Betty. Oh, Miss Margaret! I have something splendid to tell you, but please try to guess what it is!

Miss Margaret. Guess? How can I? You must help me, girls!

Gladys. I know, Betty; you are going away again!

Betty. But *where* am I going?

Susanna (doubtfully). Not to Europe—*now?*

Edith. To China?

Janet. India?

Helen. The Philippines?

Betty. No! No! No! No!

Miss Margaret. (*Aside,* looking at Betty's dancing eyes, and hearing her merry laughter.) Bless her dear, glad heart! (Aloud) Did Columbus discover this country you are going to, Betty?

Gladys (interrupting). I know! The Bahama Islands!

Betty (merrily). You're getting "hot," Gladys!

Janet. Not South America!

Betty. Yes! Actually South America! Isn't it just too lovely? I never supposed I should *cross the equator!*

Susanna. Who is going with you, Betty?

Betty. Why, of course, Aunt Julia. That is, I am going with her. Her publisher has just set his heart on having Auntie write about South America. But is she not lovely to ask me to go with her? It is too bad, though, that you cannot all go. I don't like to be the only traveler. But, of course, I'll write you.

Miss Margaret. Girls! Why need Betty be the only traveler? Why should we not all go to South America?

Gladys. But Miss Margaret, I haven't an Aunt Julia!

Susanna. Or a writing aunt by any other name!

Edith. Or any aunt at all, for that matter!

Helen. My aunt Helen travels *lots,* but alas! she does not invite me to go with her.

Miss Margaret. But I mean that while Betty is gone we shall become a stay-at-home travel club. I promise you beautiful times.

Gladys (regretfully). I suppose *you'll* cross the Andes on a *pampa,* Betty!

Susanna (reprovingly, in the midst of shouts of laughter). You mean on a llanos, Gladys,

Betty (her merry laughter ringing out like silver bells). Oh, Miss Margaret! they must be thinking of a *llama!*

Edith. Yes, we are; but, Betty, why should he be an *ill* yama? Certainly a well yama would be *much* nicer to ride.

Miss Margaret (joining in the merry peals which broke out anew). Betty is merely telling us how to pronounce l-l-a-m-a. You know what that is, don't you?

Edith. Why, of course I do, Miss Margaret. It is a South American camel.

Gladys (aggrieved). Well, that is what *I* meant. I can just see Betty going over the mountains on a—camel!

Miss Margaret. But, girls, I'm sure she will in that case write us a description of her sensations. I suggest that while we are making a tour of South America at home, we each think up six or more questions—*regular posers* —and when our sure-enough traveler gets home fire them at her and just see if our Betty can answer them all!

Betty (her eyes brighter than ever). *Agreed!*

Betty's Trip to South America

PART FIRST

On the Caribbean Sea, Oct., 191—

DEAR GIRLS OF THE LIVINGSTONE CLUB:

Here am I actually sailing the Spanish Main! Aunt Julia spoke of it this morning, and presto! up jumped in my mind the buccaneers and the Spanish "ships of gold", for it is easy, when sailing (or steaming) over the very same waters to conjure up the great galleons and Captain Smollett and Sir Francis Drake, Sir Amyas and all the rest of those fascinating old pirates, and I was very willing *to board with them* the ship of gold, but my imagination did not travel any farther. I never did like *gory* tales!

But I have had other thrills too. Fancy standing just where Columbus stood when he "discovered" South America! (in 1498). But —poor ignorant man!—still looking for Marco Polo's Cipango and the isles of spices—he thought these were Asiatic waters and supposed the Orinoco, near whose shores he landed, was one of the rivers that flowed out of the garden of Eden!

I feel so sorry that the brave old sailor never knew that he had found a new world for us; still it was a good deal to see Venezuela. Such a lovely country,—called "Little Venice" because the early explorers found the people living on their lagoons in houses built upon piles.

The oldest city in the new world—older even than Panama—is Cumana, a beautiful city set in the midst of mountains. Very near lies the spot on which Columbus first set foot on the mainland. Aunt Julia says the city is also distinguished as being the birthplace of slavery in America. For here lived the

priest, La Casas, who to save the Indian from the killing labor of the mines, advocated the bringing of slaves from Africa. That seems to me like robbing Peter to pay Paul!

I hope I shall find letters from you waiting for us at Caracas.

Yours,
BETTY.

Caracas, Oct., 191—

MY DEAR MISS MARGARET:

I wish I could give you some idea of the beautiful things we saw from the train as we came up from La Guayra, the port of Caracas. There are wonderful forests, and in the mountains we caught glimpses of foaming cascades and banks of tall feathery ferns, and drooping over them were thousands of the loveliest orchids, scarlet and white and orange. Flying among the trees were birds of all colors, and the *most perfectly gorgeous* butterflies hovered over the flowers. I never saw such brilliance of color except perhaps in the most dazzling of precious stones. The butterflies, especially, were simply *wonderful.*

Caracas, from a distance and against its background of mountains, was really beautiful, but we find its buildings do not look so well at close range, still I am perfectly *amazed* by what I have seen. Already, I am *deeply* ashamed that I knew so little about Venezuela, when it is no farther from home, that is, from Florida, than St. Louis is from New York!

Caracas has a population of about 80,000. What do you think of *that?* Some of its buildings are very fine, and the houses of the rich people have lovely *patios* in which are trees and plants, some of them having perfectly gorgeous flowers, others the most delicate and exquisitely-colored blossoms. *And the ferns!* I simply have no words to fit their gracefulness and beauty. For all that, I'd rather live in a house where the windows "look out and not in."

There do not seem to be any nice, pleasant, *middling* homes in the cities we have seen;

the people are either very exalted—Auntie says I mean *aristocratic*—or *very* poor and despised. And she says they will stay so until the Bible has free course and is glorified in Venezuela. When that time comes what lovely homes there will be; it is such a beautiful country! Aunt Julia says perhaps Columbus was not so far wrong; the garden of Eden *might have been* here, for in parts, Auntie says, Venezuela is like paradise. Mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers, forests and meadows, are *so* beautiful, so warm and green in the clear and balmy air, and there is such a wonderful light—bright yet soft—just flooding the air and shining on everything, touching flowers and birds and butterflies into sparkling, dazzling color. I do so wish you could see it, dear Miss Margaret!

Along the coast there are rather low mountains, and back of them upland prairies, and beyond higher and higher mountains. The uplands afford rich pasture for—well, I should say for *millions* of cattle and sheep.

But you must not think I mean pastures like ours at home, belonging to lovely farms and farmhouses like Susanna's father's, where a lot of jolly boys and girls gather every day—three times a day—around a table "groaning" with good things, for oh, Miss Margaret! Venezuela is not like that *at all*. The people do not own land as we do, and they are oppressed and taxed nearly to death, their hard earnings going to make up the millions of dollars which their rulers are laying up for themselves.

Some of the boys and girls look as if they never had what we would call a hearty meal, yet nearly everything will grow in this fertile country. The people might be wealthy just from the cultivation of coffee and cocoa, but they are not.

You told me, Miss Margaret, to keep a sharp lookout for all the bright spots in South America, and I am trying to, but there do not seem to be any in the lives of the children here. I was feeling so today when Auntie came into my room. "Not low in your

mind, Betty, *surely!"* she said, as she gave me a quick look. "I am afraid I am, a little bit, Auntie," I said. It seems so selfish to have *everything* good in life, while things are so sad for the girls we have seen.

"We are trying to do something for them," said Auntie in a cheerful tone, though she looked sorry, too. "I think," she continued, "that there is a mission school in Caracas. May be it will lift our spirits a bit to look it up."

I was glad to go for in all my trips with Aunt Julia a heavy load seems to fall from me when we visit the mission schools! So we found the Protestant mission—*the only one, I think*—and here at least was a bright spot, for in the school boys and girls are being taught about the best things in life, which we girls have known since we were babies; at least I cannot remember a time when I did not know about them. But after all *one* school is a very tiny bright spot in the midst of the darkness of Venezuela, where only about twenty out of every hundred children can read, nor can their fathers and mothers read, so how can they possibly know the "glad tidings"?

Some of the people who come to the mission are *dreadfully* poor, but Spanish women generally know how to do drawn-work and to embroider and the missionary encourages these women to work and then tries to sell their work for them. Aunt Julia thinks this is a splendid thing and has given orders for a good many pieces of drawn-work. Also, but please do not tell the girls, I have bought some exquisite handkerchiefs which I hope will reach them by Christmas.

Auntie is calling me to go with her to Bolivar Square to see the statue of Bolivar, the Liberator, one of the great heroes of South America (as of course you know, Miss Margaret, but the girls might need the explanation), so I must close.

Your loving
BETTY.

P. S. There is a statue of the Liberator in New York City, too. When we were pass-

ing through Auntie tried over the telephone to find its location and the answer was—"Believer *in what?*" Auntie felt like saying "In liberty!" but she did not. Probably the man had never heard of Bolivar! Of course, Aunt Julia did not give up at that and later found that the statue is in Central Park, at least, the pedestal is there now, and the statue soon will be; a sculptor is making it now—so the man said.—B. M.

Barranquilla, Colombia, S. Am.,
October, 191—

Dear Girls:

Barranquilla does not give one a great amount of energy; still I think I have enough for the writing of a letter. Anyway, energy or none, I must tell you about the splendid times I have been enjoying.

We went from La Guayra to Cartagena, which, by the way, sent thrills all over me, for it is in the very heart of the *Spanish Main* and from here to Panama and across the isthmus ran "the road of gold," and this city was a very nest of pirates. Did you ever hear that *we* were near-pirates once upon a time? I mean when we were English colonists, before "Uncle Sam" was born. I have read in Aunt Julia's books about the terrible times we had and at least three thousand of us were drowned in the sea. Of course *we* did not pir*ate* of our own free will but were commanded to do it by the king of England, for these were the days when England tried to snatch away from Spain some of the riches bestowed upon her by a long-time-ago pope of Rome.

Cartagena was too strong for them though, and you would think so if you could see the ruins of the great fortifications. I was *astonished* to see such things in our side of the world. I *could* tell you how it all came about, for Aunt Julia has made me put a great many what I had supposed to be separate bits of history together in their right places and it

has been *awfully* interesting to see the whole thing work out. I will leave this for you to do, because today I want to write about *modern* history, to tell you in fact what *we* have been doing in Colombia!

But first I will say that it was from about this spot that Balboa set out upon the journey which gave him the first white man's sight of the Pacific ocean. I do not have to go to Auntie's books for that story for I had only to shut my eyes and think, when presto! I saw him standing alone, "silent, upon a peak in Darien". Being rather tired of seeing that quotation standing—like Balboa—alone, I looked it up in Auntie's "Keats" and read the whole sonnet.

That was *thrilling!* But—where was I? Just about to sail up the Magdalena river, were we not? Well, we did sail up *and up* the river for six hundred miles through swamps and forests and jungles. No question about the tropics there! The palm trees and blazing creepers and flowers and the delicious fragrance of the vanilla orchid, to say nothing of the monkeys and the paroquets, were sign enough.

And oh, girls! you should see the quantities of fruit—especially bananas,—*millions* of them, and in some of the big bunches—is "bunches" right? Perhaps it should be clusters or *sprays!* Anyway, in the midst we saw sometimes the *awfulest* creatures! Tarantulas and enormous scorpions, and even snakes—*sure* I knew we were in the tropics!

One day Aunt Julia said to a missionary in Barranquilla that she was glad on account of the poor people to see so much fruit and he told her that a negro delegate to some missionary conference had said the people of Colombia were "fed by gravitation and clothed by sunshine". The missionary must have thought that he had made a very good joke, for Aunt Julia laughed merrily. And afterwards when some fruit fell to the ground, she laughed again.

"Why did you laugh so much, Auntie?" I said. "Had you heard that story before?"

"Not more than fifty times, my dear", laughed Auntie. "But I can stand it, I think, at least once more. You are an observant child, Betty."

But there is a great deal of suffering here from sickness and not much is done for sick people. Auntie asked me if I knew how many physicians there are at home. "Why, no, Auntie," I said, and she said, "There is one doctor for every 500 people, and Colombia has one for every 6,000." We saw one splendid hospital in Venezuela at Caracas, and one not so good at Bogota which was so full that some of the patients had to be laid on mattresses on the floor. Aunt Julia spent all the time she could in this hospital while we were in Bogota. She speaks Spanish very well and the faces—awfully sad faces—of the women brightened as she talked with them. I think there is one Bible command written on Aunt Julia's heart and that is, "Speak ye comfortably". She does so wherever we go and the "old, old story" she tells seems absolutely new to her listeners. Auntie says she would not for worlds miss these opportunities to "comfort those who are in any trouble".

Well, after we had steamed up the Magdalena for six hundred miles we came to a sandbar and rapids and for about sixty miles we rode on mules over a most terrifying trail —too narrow and broken to be called a road. They cannot have a very good government in Colombia, or they would have better roads than *that*. I tell you, girls, it took some nerve to edge along on a narrow bit of ledge overhanging a sheer wall of rock which stretched down for I should think *thousands* of feet, with a river at the bottom of it! But I thought "What our missionaries do without a quiver, or at least, without ever speaking of their quivers, I ought to be able to do *somehow*," so I set my teeth, "looked up and *not* down" and after what seemed a long time found the mule scrambling along over rocks and loose stones but with enough room for his four (and fore) feet, and oh! the wonderful beauty we were in! It made me so happy,

yet I could hardly keep from crying. I'm sure I don't know why.

There was a great change in the forests as we mounted higher and higher. No more palm-trees, but in their place great fern-trees and oaks and laurels.

At a certain point on the way up Auntie asked the guide how high we were above the level of the sea. He said, 6,000 feet. (I can understand Spanish pretty well, now, when I hear it, and can speak it a little, but when I have much to say, prefer *English.*) When the man said, "6,000 feet", I exclaimed, "For which, O be joyful!" and Auntie said, "Why especially joyful at this point, Betty?" "Because Auntie", I said, "there *are no snakes,* at least no poisonous ones, above 6,000 feet!"

"I am afraid, Betty," Auntie said, "you have not much love for things that glide or creep or wriggle."

"No, Auntie, I said, "but I have for those that *fly.* Just look, now, at those *gorgeous* birds!"

And, oh, girls! once I saw in a tree a big yellowish-brown animal with dark rings and spots something like a leopard. As we watched, he suddenly sprang out of the tree and away down the mountain; probably he saw something there that might furnish a dinner. My! but it was exciting! Of course I have seen jaguars in zoos at home but *this* was *different.*

But birds and animals were not all we saw. The wretched old road we were on had as I said gone to rack and ruin and certainly it was old enough to do so, having been made in the days of the *conquistadores* or perhaps earlier. However, some feeble repairs were in process here and there, and who do you suppose wielded the pick and shovel? Why, *women!* and women carried our bags to the hotel in Bogota and in the market-place we saw women who were butchers!

Think of the girls of Colombia growing up to this, to being *butchers* and then think of *our* beautiful chance in life.

Some things in South America are so dif-

ferent from the same things in North America! Some day I am going to ask Aunt Julia to explain to me why this should be. Whatever is the reason I am awfully sorry about it and very thankful to be a *North* American!

At least we can do a little to help in making things better in Colombia for, as I am thankful to say—I mean really full of thanksgiving—there are mission schools in Bogota and here in Barranquilla, in Medellin, Bucaramanga and Cerete. This letter should reach you in time to be read at our next meeting, and I can just see you looking up all these places on the map and I'm sure if you could see what I am seeing, the misery and ignorance of so many, the images which seem to be all that even girls of the higher classes who *are* taught some things, know of Jesus Christ, the Son of God—many pitiful things there are —I am sure you would each pray a little praver for the girls of Colombia.

There is ever so much more to tell, but —seeing I am in *unenergetic* Barranquilla—perhaps this screed is long enough!

Oceans of love from your friend,
BETTY.

P. S. Don't forget picturesque old Cartagena, where there used to be the *tortures of the Inquisition! This in America!* It has no mission school but the missionaries say it needs one! And there is something else to be thankful for—the work of the Bible Society. Aunt Julia says it is splendid and it takes brave men to do it. B. M.

P. S. No. 2. (To Susanna.) On the way up to Bogota we saw *many* llanos, but I did not try to ride one! B. M.

Lima, Peru, S. America,
Nov., 191—

DEAR GIRLS:

I wonder whether you have received all the letters I have sent you since we left Barranquilla? and all the post cards? Some are good and others not so good, but please put

them all with the *archives* of our society. In time(if I continue my travels!) we shall have quite a world-wide collection.

Aunt Julia had planned to stop over at Guayaquil and go to Quito, but fevers and plagues are so bad at Guayaquil that we were not allowed to land. I hope you have not missed the epistle written—part of it—while *crossing the line,* or one from Callao telling about the stunts we went through in getting to land.

The steamers cannot come in very close and there was a *tremendous* surf running. Such fun! at least for me. You know I simply love gymnastics. But our gym at home is—I wonder if Aunt Julia would let me say it?—is not *in it,* when I think of the wet, slippery, swaying rope ladders and the little boats dancing and r'arin' up, as Jim our coachman would say, in the raging surf. (I told you all this and much more in my letter from Callao.)

We had quantities of rain in Colombia and when passing by Ecuador, but the coasts of Peru were extremely dry (but the yellow sands tossed far up the mountain sides, the purple shadows and the lovely sunset glows on the high peaks were beautiful beyond words). We saw birds by the million I think. It was fun to watch them. We landed on this coast; there were heavy, gray clouds in the sky, and we thought anyway a shower must be about due. Showers in the tropics are a regular deluge, so when we started out to sight-see we naturally carried our umbrellas and raincoats.

Well, people on the street looked at us in a startled kind of way, then turned away and laughed. Yet South Americans are the *politest* people in the world! What could be the matter? At last, Auntie asked a young woman—awfully pretty and with perfectly *angelic* eyes—if there was anything wrong in our appearance. The young woman smiled and said gently, "Your raincoats and umbrellas, Senorita; it has not rained here *for one hundred and twenty-five years.*"

So, nearly bursting with laughter, both sadder and meeker, we parted from our rainy-day things. Suddenly Aunt Julia said, "Betty! Not a word of this to your Uncle Bob!" "If Uncle Bob knew, Auntie, he would say it was 'one on you!'" "Well", said Auntie, laughing again, "so it *is!*" "But," I said, "there *are* clouds in the sky". "And I should have known", said Auntie, "that those clouds mean nothing. Do you remember, Betty, the Japanese Current whose warm breath we felt when we were in Alaska and how it brought down the rain? Along the coast flows the Humboldt Current from the Antarctic ocean, chilling the air so that the clouds *cannot* rain, and we are not likely to need umbrellas until we reach Valparaiso and possibly *not then!*"

Lima is eight miles from Callao—*and directly south of Fifth Avenue, New York!*—As we approach it from below—it is 500 feet above Callao—it made quite a picture in the sunset glow, the twin towers of the cathedral catching the light and reflecting it.

This city has a long history, which Auntie had helped me to study on board the steamer. It was the capital of the Spanish possessions in South America and of course is most interesting in many ways. Pizzaro's tomb is here and we have seen it, but, somehow, I cannot get up many thrills over *him*. He was brave, I suppose, after a fashion—Well, I must respectfully refer you for his story to Prescott's *Conquest of Peru!* for I am much more interested in the *present* occupants of Lima. It is rather staggering though to think how far Pizzaro is responsible for the conditions—and the people—of all Spanish America. Aunt Julia and I were talking about it this morning. That is, she was talking and I was listening—and learning something every minute.

It was fine to spend the rest of the day where so much is being done to improve the conditions and help the people—I mean, of course, in the Protestant mission. Aunt Julia told me that *the religion of the Middle Ages* was brought by Spain to South America and

I remembered for myself that in the Middle Ages people were not allowed to read or own the Bible (and not many of them *could* read, anyway). Auntie says the people are still living in the Dark Ages because they have never had the Bible to enlighten their minds. In the Protestant missions of course the Bible is taught and also those other things which *we* have learned through having a free Bible—how to make the very best of hearts and minds and hands. Both in Lima and Callao the mission schools are doing a *splendid* thing in training boys and girls to do their share in the world's work and Auntie says the biggest thing to be done in the South American world is the building of character, and that is what our mission schools are doing. If *you* could hear Aunt Julia talk about these things you would not wonder, as perhaps now you do, that I rather *rave* over seeing these hundreds of boys and girls so earnestly studying *the best things.* The girls are *dear* and so gentle and courteous *always, just charming. Comparisons—you* know Auntie!—are, I regret to say, sometimes drawn between, well, we'll say between the girls of South and of North America, generally expressed however, in the *singular number!*

Lots of love, from
BETTY.

La Paz, Bolivia, S. A.,
December, 191—

DEAR GIRLS:

My mind's eye is full of pictures! I wish I could make you see them. You would laugh over some of them, cry over others and many times to be so filled with awe that you could only gaze and be still.

For we have come from Mollendo (pronounced, Mohl-yen-do) on the Peruvian coast, higher and higher up through the mountains to the Bolivian plateau, *14,000 feet above sea level.*

Think of that, you poor little dwellers in the low country! Perhaps, though, you pre-

fer low country in North America to mountains in South America. To tell you a secret, so shall I when I get home. "*Be* it ever so low(ly) there's no place like"—North America.

In the meantime and just to visit, Bolivia is in some way charming and wonderfully interesting.

From the moment at Mollendo, when we were lowered—in a bucket worked by a derrick—from the ship's deck into a small boat, which in the perfectly frightful swell of the Pacific seemed in one minute to rise to the skies on the crest of a wave and in the next to sink into the very lowest depths, and yet landed us at length in safety; until now, when I sit ensconced in a carved mahogany old Spanish balcony in La Paz either writing to you or gazing out on a most fascinating panorama passing in the street below, I have had a most exciting and delightful experience—a perfectly *dandy* time.

Mollendo itself was simply *horrid*—dusty and dreary and desolate. Yet even there we found a missionary who must have had a hard time keeping up enough heart and courage to stay; but somehow he does and has for his reward a flourishing church.

The journey by rail from Mollendo up to Lake Titicaca was at first simply *terrifying* in its worst place? but after two days of ceaseless climbing up higher and higher mountains with narrower and narrower little ledges and steeper and steeper precipices and ever greater and more *stupendous* beauty and grandeur, my feelings were too full to hold any more and I scarcely noticed even when the train crept along over the most *thread-like* path around some awfully perilous place.

On the way up, about 7,000 feet, we stopped at a most *fascinating* town, situated in an amazingly green and fertile valley which suddenly burst upon our view after the utter desolation of dryness through which we had journeyed all the way from Mollendo. For miles and miles we had not seen a growing thing except an occasional scraggly cactus and in this

surprising valley, with a little river to keep it green, were fields of the richest alfalfa and Indian corn, grapes, peaches, pomegranates—all kinds of delicious and juicy fruit, most refreshing to our parched and dusty throats.

The beautifully situated city is Arequipa, in Peru, full of interesting sights by day and night. I wish you could see the stars from Arequipa! But you would not recognize the constellations. It gives one the strangest feeling to see different stars shining over one's head, and at first I so missed our splendid Big Dipper that the Southern Cross made me homesick, but now I love it and shall be homesick for it when we have crossed the line again and I shall see it no more. I meant to say that the dryness and thinness of the air, led Harvard—*our* Harvard—to select Arequipa for the site of its observatory. Thanks to Aunt Julia's letters of introduction, we had a beautiful time there. Looking at the stars through their wonderful glass took my breath away. It was something I shall *never* forget.

At Puna, a small town on Lake Titicaca (*Yes!* Titicaca. I never *dreamed* when I was a little girl studying geography that I should ever see it!) we changed cars for—where do you think? Your wildest guess could never hit it, so I'll tell you. *For Cuzco!!* Don't you remember when that *unspeakable* Pizzaro demanded as a ransom for the Inca a roomfull of gold, the terrified Indians tore off the golden plates from the Temple of the Sun? Well, that temple was at Cuzco and *so was I* a few days ago. I saw the ruins of that very temple and the wonderful fortifications.

I cannot *imagine* how the builders ever got those enormous stones into place and people who know a thousand times more than I cannot imagine it either. And the *terraces*—the "stair-case farms of the ancients"—I was completely *dazed* when I thought of the *awful* labor needed to build them and fill them with soil brought from some far-distant valley and after that to build aqueducts and keep their hanging-gardens irrigated! Somewhere in this region perhaps, were grown the queer-

looking tubers sent as curiosities to Spain—the ancestors of millions and millions of bushels of potatoes which have since helped to feed the world.

This country produces also Peruvian bark. Think of all the good quinine has done in the world! It is certainly time we paid our debt and brought food and medicine to these poor Indians.

Aunt Julia says that their greatest need is for the "Bread of Life" and the "Leaves that are for the healing of the nations".

The terraces are not irrigated as they once were so the crops raised are small and poor. It is pitiful to see the Indians making *burnt offerings* of drugs and aromatic plants or burying in the ground small images to benefit their crops and herds. One day we saw the smoke of the incense rising and I asked Aunt Julia why they did it.

"The reason, Betty," she said gently, "I think is this: the religion of these poor people is simply a baptized paganism."

"But Auntie!" I said, "I shouldn't think it had been *baptized!*"

"I am afraid you are right, Betty," said Auntie, smiling gravely.

I feel so sorry for these Indians; they seem to have no pleasures; even the children have no toys and I have never seen any of them playing.

I have seen such a sad thing. A little girl, certainly not *more* than three years old, driving home a sheep loaded with small branches for fire-wood, and oh, girls! that baby had gathered them all herself! I saw her every evening and she must have worked hard—poor midget!—all day long. That was more than I could bear. I know *we* have child labor too—more's the shame and pity, and they are not Christians either in South or North America who let a little child's happiness be crushed out like that. I can never forget what Miss Margaret has taught us about these things. Don't you remember?

"Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one—
Little children who have never learned to play:
Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache to-day,
Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray.
High above the clattering street, ambulance and fire-gong beat,
They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one."

I'm happy that there are *multitudes* of people in our country who are trying to bring them to an end. Aunt Julia says the day is coming when in South America also the love that Jesus taught us to feel for all little children will prevail, but it seems to me that that day is a long way off unless Christian people in our country *hurry more* to become Good Samaritans to their "neighbor," because the people here have never been told of Jesus' love and that He commanded us to love one another.

There is an unexpected chance to mail this letter, so I must stop but will write more from La Paz.

Your much *exalted*,

BETTY.

(Continued in Part Second)

Series II, in which Betty "Goes Abroad"

"Travels"

II. Betty's Trip to South America

PART SECOND

(Bolivia—Chile)

KATHARINE R. CROWELL

Author of "Fair America," "Pioneers" "Japan for Juniors," etc.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST

The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions
of the Northwest
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by Katharine R. Crowell

Betty's Trip to South America

PART SECOND

(Letter continued from Part First)

I must tell you what happened on Lake Titicaca—of all unlikely places! Do you happen to remember that this great inland sea is the highest lake in the world (I don't see how a lake could be *much* higher than 12,500 feet!) and that through the middle of it runs the boundary between Peru and Bolivia?

Well, then, think of us crossing this lake *in a very comfortable little steamer,* if you please! I think it was made in Scotland. The various parts were brought up these awful mountains, piece-meal, and put together here. If I had not remembered to mention this fact you might have thought it was a native boat we were in—steam and all!

O, no, my dears! Let me inform you that the natives make their boats—called *balsas*—after the pattern they were using what time the aforesaid Pizarro ungently disturbed their quiet lives; that is, they make their boats of rushes (does this make you think of a certain little "basket" found floating once on a time, near the banks of the Nile?) and these are driven across the lake by means of sails made also of reeds.

As I said, we preferred a steamboat, and sitting on deck, we watched the sunset and the lovely, lovely, afterglow on Illimani and Sorato and other mountains which, high as the lake is, tower 10,000 feet above it! I cannot even try to make you see the lights and shadows, and the exquisite softness of those marvelous colors. Only a Ruskin could do that and even then they would be all *prisms* because of the tears in your eyes, if your eyes are like mine!

Now, *who do you suppose watched the sunset with us? Well,* when we went out on the little deck a young man on the opposite side glanced across and with one spring was beside us exclaiming, *"Why, Miss Temple!"* and *"Why, Bettina!"* in one astonished, joyful breath.

And lo! the voice was the voice of Harold Moffatt—Harold the Hiker! *Oh,* but it was good, away up here above the clouds, to see some one we knew and who talks in English! I was so choked with gladness that for a minute I could not say a word. (I can hear Uncle Robert murmur as you read this to him, "Betty's tongue still for *a whole minute?* Oh, *impossible!*)

We had expected to find him somewhere, but we cannot tell whether, when he sprang to meet us, the boat had crossed the boundary or not; so Harold and I shall never know whether we met in Bolivia or Peru! Anyway, it has been lovely—and lively—since.

"How very pleasant it is to have him with us!" said Aunt Julia. "Really, Betty, I cannot think of anyone who would be more welcome —except, of course, his sister. (Miss Florence Moffatt is Auntie's most intimate friend.) Can you, Betty?"

"Why no, Auntie", I said. "I agree with you perfectly, only—*I don't except Miss Florence.*"

"Your eyes need not dance right out of your head if you don't", said Auntie, laughing: then she gave a little sigh. Oh, Betty, child," she said, "you *are* growing older."

"But, Auntie", I said, "I cannot help it—unless I should stop *living.*" "Well," said Auntie, "I certainly would not have you do *that.*"

La Paz is *perfectly* fascinating—a surprise from the very first minute when we saw it quite unexpectedly over the edge of the plateau—14,000 feet high, as I told you—lying 1,500 feet below in a great hollow, as if laid out in an *enormous saucer,* beautiful plazas and fine streets, churches—built of

a soft, white stone and in their belfries most musical and softly chiming bells; red-roofed old Spanish houses, terraced gardens running up the surrounding sides of the "saucer," *a population of 70,000 and electric lights* and *trolleys,* the last named "made in America" (i. e., the United States) as we found later. Indeed it was funny to see up here in the very roof of the world, "Wilmington, Delaware," in some of the cars!

The La Paz River sets my imagination *flying!* A small stream here, yellow and tumultuous, it hurries along towards the east having various names and being joined by other little rivers, becomes the Madeira, flows into the Amazon, and at length reaches its goal—the *Atlantic* ocean! Fancy its experiences and the sights by the way!

Oh, the gay-colored crowds in the streets of La Paz! Walking, sometimes, and carrying heavy burdens, or riding on horses, mules, or funny little donkeys (but, strange to say, Gladys, *none* rode on pampas!) There were no wagons or carts.

There are a great many more Indians than Spanish people in Bolivia and in La Paz the best place to see them is at the market. There is color for you! I wonder how they get such brilliant dyes—red, in every possible and impossible shade, blazing orange, blue, green, purple, yellow, all of the most intense hues. Even the men are quite gay, wearing ponchos of these colors. Now, don't think a poncho is a *hat!* It is a square blanket with a hole in the center. The wearer thrusts his head through the hole and down falls the poncho, in graceful folds, over his shoulders.

Where everybody is so polite, I don't wish to be rude but a North American habit of truth compels me to add that these gorgeous beings might be even more brilliant if their gay-colored garments were *cleaner,* and it is also true, as Harold says, that many of the people were wearing their "glad *rags*".

The market is so interesting. There are for sale not only such things as one might look for in the temperate zone (though we

are still in the tropics!) including many that I never saw—for instance, tiny scarlet tomatoes which grow on a tree!—but also the most luscious tropical fruits, brought up from the hot valley below.

There is also a drug store in La Paz. But you must not think of shelves and glass jars and bottles. This drug store is kept by Indian women who sit on the ground in the midst of small hand-woven bags of bright colors and patterns—these also not so gorgeous as they might have been—which contain little rolls of cinchona bark, or coca leaves or other medicinal plants. I counted *twenty-four* bags. Aunt Julia says their "pharmacopœia" —whatever that may be!—is quite extensive. The people chew coca leaves constantly. They say they gain from them the strength and endurance to carry heavy loads. As everything in La Paz must be brought up these terrible heights on some poor, patient back—human or beast—it is no wonder they chew coca if they think it helps them, but these leaves are what cocaine is made from, so I think it must really do more harm than good. Girls chew it. I said to Harold that a certain girl would be quite pretty if she were not chewing coca.

"Exactly what I've often said in *North* America, Betty!" answered Harold. "That girl," I said, "would really be very pretty if she were not chewing—*gum.*" "I was just thinking," said Aunt Julia with a queer smile, "how 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin'!"

In the market we saw some of those pitiful little images that I spoke of. I bought a few for our Club museum to help us not to forget the thousands of people who have never been taught where they really may find Help in time of need.

As I said, there are missionaries here. How lonely and far away they must feel, if it ever enters their thoughts that the people at home may have forgotten them! They are so glad to see Aunt Julia! the way they look at her makes a big lump come up in my throat. They are cheery and brave, though, and tell Auntie

that they expect to do great things for Bolivia through their schools.

You would hardly look for a kindergarten high above the clouds, would you? (Of course I do not mean by that, *in heaven!*) Well, there is one; I have been to it every day. The children are *fascinating*. It is simply amazing to see what soap and water can do as beautifiers! Besides the Spanish schools, there are free night schools for the Indians. So you see America (North) is paying at least a tiny bit of interest on its great debt. There are two Protestant churches where the services are in Spanish and there are also services in English for the little American colony at La Paz. Last Thursday evening we attended an English prayer-meeting, 12,500 feet above the level of the sea!

I am sorry to say good-by to La Paz! We leave on Monday for Antofagasta—Harold says he has heard it called "Andy, go faster", and with *good reason*. We shall make the journey on a little *narrow-gauge* railroad. But, truly, when a ledge overhanging a precipice 10,000 feet deep—more or less—is three feet, two inches wide, or seems so, I'd *rather* have the track only thirty inches wide!

Perhaps I'll write you on the way to Andy, etc.

Lots of love from
BETTY.

On the way to Antofagasta, via the
A. and B. R. R., Dec., 191—

MY DEAR MISS MARGARET:

We are on our way from La Paz to Antofagasta on the coast of Chile. By coming down from Bolivia by this road, we are missing some places at which Aunt Julia had hoped to stop; it just breaks her heart to pass by any mission work, and there are missions in several of the towns along the desolate Chilean sea-coast.

We are traveling now, as I said we should, on a narrow-gauge road, the little cars of which are surprisingly comfortable. Our first stop

was at Oruro, and what do you think we saw there? Nothing less than *a printing press,* brought there of course by missionaries. It is only a few years since religious freedom was granted to Bolivia. A short time before that a colporteur of the American Bible Society coming to Oruro was assassinated. Now the lives of the missionaries are safe, but the men and women who live to teach the people and help them to live better lives are, I think, simply *heroic.* They are carrying on a fine boarding school for boys and a night school for Indians. A little branch road goes eastward from Oruro to Cochabamba. Aunt Julia had a special reason for going there but I'm sure she would have gone anyway to see the missionaries and their work, for Auntie's whole soul is given to the work of carrying the Bible to Bibleless lands and I know now Miss Margaret that South America is that—a land without a Bible, although it has any number of cathedrals and churches!

I said once that I would ask Aunt Julia to tell me why some of the same things are so different in North and in South America. Well, I did; and she told me to try to think it out by myself!

I thought and *thought* and listened to conversations between Auntie and the missionaries and talked with Harold and *at last I knew.*

"Auntie", I said, "I have found out the reason for the difference between the girls of North and South America".

"Have you, *indeed?*" said Auntie.

"Hear! Hear!" exclaimed Harold.

"That is just what I want", I said. "Please listen." And then I recited in my best manner—*you* taught me, Miss Margaret! *"The breaking waves dashed high"!*

(See Page 17)

"That is the reason," I said, when I had finished.

"Betty!" gasped Aunt Julia. "What *do* you mean?"

"Why, Auntie", I said, "I mean that Mrs. Hemans, upside down, or rather, I think, wrong side out, is my reason."

"Is the child *crazy?*" said Auntie. Mrs. Hemans *'wrong side out!'* Explain yourself, my dear!"

"This is what I mean," I said. *"Every thing* our Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers were and did, the Conquistadors *weren't* and *didn't.* Don't you see? They were *not* a band of exiles and they *did* come as the conqueror comes; the depths of the desert gloom did *not* ring with their hymns of lofty cheer and they *didn't* sing amid the storms and the stars and the sea *didn't* hear and the sounding aisles of the dim woods did NOT ring to the anthem of the free! The rocking pines of the forest *didn't* roar and this was *not* their welcome *home.* There were no men with hoary hair,—they were all *young* men hoping to get rich long before their heads were anything *like* hoary,—and there was *not* woman's fearless eye, and instead of making for themselves strong and stern Christian homes as our Pilgrim Fathers did, they forgot they were Christians and married Indian women, and they *did* seek thus afar bright jewels of the mine, the wealth of seas, the spoils of war, and they did *not* seek a faith's pure shrine. You *cannot* call it holy ground the spot which first they trod and they *did not* leave unstained what there they *did not WANT* to find, *freedom to worship God."*

I had to stop there, I was so *choky* and out of breath, and besides, Aunt Julia was *laughing,* peal after peal, and tears were running down her cheeks! As for Harold, he simply seemed to be in danger of *convulsions.*

You can imagine how I *felt,* dear Miss Margaret, but I'm glad to say that I managed not to cry, and to say in the most *dignified* way—

"You seem to find it very funny. I do not know why, for I have been taught that we owe *everything* to the Pilgrim Fathers and the open Bible and that their strong principles

of right and wrong *made* our America and I am sure it is true that South America was made differently because the people who started it did not have the open Bible and could not have those principles, and ever since we were in Venezuela I have been getting sorrier and sorrier for the girls who do not have *our* inheritance. *Miss Margaret,*" I said, "always taught us that ours is the most splendid inheritance any girls ever had or could have."

Well, by this time I was out of breath again and stopped, but Auntie was not laughing now. She put her arm around me and said, "Bravo! little Betty", and Harold saying gently, "I beg your pardon, Bettina," held out his hand. "Will you shake, comrade?"

Now, I *had* been perfectly *furious* at him for laughing, but my anger was gone and of course I *shook*.

"Your argument is certainly convincing, Betty," he said, "but," his eyes laughing and his lips twitching again, "I think you must have been standing on your head when you thought of it!"

And all at once I saw how funny I must have sounded in my tremendous earnestness and to my surprise went off into perfect gales of laughter myself in which Auntie and Harold were, I'm sure, only too glad to join. As soon as I could speak, I said, "But that *is* the reason for the difference, isn't it, Auntie?"

"It is certainly one reason, Betty", said Auntie.

"And a good one," said Harold. "And *you* are a brick, Bettina; a genuine little *brick!*"

So, *that* was over!

I hope we shall find letters from you and Uncle Bob waiting for us at Valparaiso, and *perhaps* I can write you from there. But you never can tell!

Your loving, *and grateful*
BETTY.

Coasting down the Andes, December, 191—

MY DEAR GIRLS:

As you doubtless are aware, what goes up,

must come down; so it is only natural that we should be shooting down from above the clouds to the sea—that is, from La Paz to Antofagasta!

I wish we might have remained longer on the heights. We are only about 7,000 feet up in the air as I write, but even this is higher than Old Peter's Hill, isn't it?

We made quite a stop at a place called Uyuni; fortunately so, as it gave us a fine chance to watch long trains of llamas (seemingly in good health, Edith!) bringing in silver from the mines at Potosi. I suppose these little animals have been carrying loads of silver from Potosi mines since the days of the Incas, perhaps long before that, and this may account for their wise and *ancient* expression of countenance. The expression of their faces is, however, less ridiculously supercilious than that of their Sahara cousins, which you must have noticed.

They are very gentle and timid. We have seen herd after herd browsing on the scanty grass of these uplands in the care of shepherds —or should I say llamaherds?—for they have not been *wild* for hundreds and *hundreds* of years—scamper away in fright, utterly demoralized by our tiny train—exceedingly narrow as it is, and cut short at both ends!

The llama will carry a load of one hundred pounds, patiently and without food or water for miles and miles, but if the load exceeds that weight, *he will not rise,* and the extra pounds must be taken off. *Good* for the gentle but firm-willed little llama!

We have seen alpacas, something like llamas but smaller, large flocks of perhaps two hundred grazing on the high mountains. Like llamas, they are brown or grey, almost black, and, occasionally white; their soft, silky wool is sometimes thirty, often twenty, inches long. We have sometimes seen llamas and alpacas in care of the same shepherd.

Can't write any more. We're going down such an *awfully* steep grade that the pencil won't stay on the paper!

Later, at Antofagasta.

If Mollendo had not been even more so, I would say that Antofagasta is the dreariest spot in all South America! Very important, though, on account of its exports. I wondered what they could *possibly* find to export! Never a drop of rain falls and the whole region is utterly desolate—not even a spear of grass will grow; yet this very district gives life and fertility to—I was going to say to the whole world, for here are immense nitrate fields and nitrate is one of the best fertilizers known, and *this* is what "Andy" finds to export!

We have been out to see the works, interesting, but Oh, girls, the saddest thing *ever!* The homes of the workers are nothing but monotonous rows of corrugated iron little square boxes, some of them without windows and perfectly *dreadful* in every way. I do hope that these works are not carried on by *American* (I mean North American) companies! I know that a good many enormous industries on the Pacific coast *are* and if these are I should be *so ashamed!*

"Such unhappiness!" I said to Aunt Julia. "Such utterly *cheerless* living, without *one ray* of comfort or hope!"

"Not *one* ray, Betty?" answered Auntie. "Look again".

So I looked down the long dreary stretch between the opposite rows of—*boxes*—and saw away at the other end but coming towards us, a lady, a tall lady in white, with a scarlet flower in her belt, and all the way up the rows women and children were crowding out of the boxes to see her and oh, *girls!* I wish you could see as I did, those dull faces light up into happy smiles as the Lady of the Scarlet Flower came nearer!

Well, she is a missionary lady and so there *is* a ray of hope for the girls of the nitrate works!

But—there are so many girls and so few missionaries!

Harold says it is time to go to the steamer. I wonder how we shall get aboard this time!

There will probably be a good deal of excitement and lots of fun—or *fright*—according as one looks at it. Tell you about it next time.

Love to all, from
BETTY.

Valparaiso, Chile, South America,
December, 191—

MY DEAR GIRLS:

Valparaiso, they tell me, means Vale of Paradise and it seems almost that after Antofagasta and the rainless country! Only, I think an actual paradise would be *cleaner.* I must say that in so far as we have seen it, South America is *not* immaculate. Nor, alas! is all of North America, but our cities do not have—but let it go; "comparisons are odious" —I might in this connection almost spell them *odorous.*

I cannot get over my surprise in finding how *old* these southern cities are. Certainly the Conquistadors should be credited with lots of bravery and energy in so quickly overcoming the obstacles and perils of South America. Think of how few years passed between their learning of the wealth of Peru and the establishment of cities and towns almost all over the continent. (Excepting of course *Brazil* which is *quite* another story!) Why, Valparaiso and Santiago and many places farther south and on the *eastern side* of the great mountain ranges, were quite large and flourishing cities before the Puritans ever *dreamed* of "coming over." I think it was before there *were* any Puritans, for that matter. Santiago, for instance, is nearly one hundred years older than "Boston, Mass."

One thing pleases me: those gold-seeking Spanish Conquistadors were not able *to conquist* the Indians of Chile! It gives me thrills to think that the Araucanian Indians were too strong for the Spaniards and were *never* conquered by them, but Oh, girls, they are being made slaves now by alcohol and I'm afraid it is sold to them by traders from *Christian* nations. Isn't that terrible? I *hope* not from the United States! Certainly *this*

does not help to make Valparaiso a vale of Paradise!

But we have seen something that *does,* and will even more as the children grow up, for there are hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls in the Valparaiso mission day schools and Sunday schools. These schools were started a long time ago and Aunt Julia says that a great many of the present fine men and women of Chile were taught in them.

That *is* splendid to think of.

There is much more to tell about Valparaiso but I cannot write it now, because in a few minutes we must leave for Santiago, about four hours from here by train. We expect to spend Christmas Day there. I do hope you will all be thinking of me then! Somehow I feel *awfully* far from home today. We went this morning to hear the little primaries sing the Christmas carols. It was perfectly lovely—as sweet as sweet could be, but a wee bit homesick-y.

I hope all the Christmas remembrances we have sent you will be received in good time and the love packed in with them will not have slipped out! for the vicissitudes (is that spelled right?) of the mails in some parts of South America are fearful to think of.

Your *thousands-and-thousands-of-miles-away* friend,

BETTY.

Santiago de Chile, South America,
December 26th, 191—

DEAR GIRLS:

We had a perfectly beautiful day yesterday and I suppose it really was Christmas—*in our hearts,* I know it was—but seeing the most ravishing rose-gardens and countless gorgeous flowers in full bloom in this delightful Santiago, and with the beautifully decorated Christmas trees out of doors *and growing,* and finding, as everyone else appeared to, a thin white frock the most comfortable thing to wear, I felt that I must be standing on my head, as Harold said on a former occasion.

Oh, you dear girls! How *did* you manage

so to time that *delicious* Christmas round-robin as to exactly allow for all the delays and stoppages by the way to which—being in South America—it was of course subjected?

Harold went to the post-office very early yesterday morning, coming back heavily laden with letters and cards and packages so that we had the loveliest time with them before breakfast (not *your* breakfast, but ours, which we take about eleven o'clock—it's more like dinner than breakfast though), having had early coffee and rolls and fruit—not that *I* ever drink coffee—

All the presents are lovely and you are *dear* to remember us when we are so far away. The round-robin was almost the best of all. We were so *wild* with laughter over the things you wrote that I could hardly read it aloud.

I can give you only bits of the long (almost the longest day of the year! What do you think of *that*—for *Christmas?*), *perfect* day, which had really begun, like ours at home, the evening before when we went to the church to hear the carols. They always sing "Silent Night, Holy Night" on Christmas Eve in Spanish-speaking countries. It was *exquisite.* I never heard that lovely hymn sound more beautiful, unless it was at the open-air carol singing around The Tree of Light in Madison Square, New York, when the notes seemed to fall through the glorious moonlight like a shower of silver. But the thousand electric lights of that great tree blazed and sparkled like diamonds, and the bright star of hope shone splendidly, through the whitest and most feathery snow in which blue shadows lurked and I *knew* that that was truly Christmas Eve.

Harold's first thought is always for the Y. M. C. A. (unless there should be a Boy Scout Troop in the place!). The Y. M. C. A. is doing a fine work in Chile. We heard about it from the General Secretary for Chile, who came on Aunt Julia's invitation to dine with us at our hotel.

The day before Christmas we visited the "Santiago College" a splendid mission board-

ing school for girls. They happened just then to be going through an Indian club drill and were doing it in the most dandy way. To these girls—Spanish or Indian or both, many of them really beautiful girls, too, a love of beauty and rhythm and of doing things gracefully and prettily seems to be natural. Those of the higher classes have soft voices and charming manners.

We went also, all three of us this time, to *El Instituto Ingles,* a mission day and boarding school for boys. It was founded forty years ago, and is one of the best known schools in South America. There is always a large attendance, the students coming not only from Chile but also from several other republics. As its name shows, instruction is in English and many of the boys after graduation continue their studies in the United States, being admitted to Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania and other colleges *on certificate.* That speaks well for them, doesn't it? And Oh, girls, what *do* you think? There is a Livingstone Club in the Institute! I might have called the members of it *brothers;* however, I didn't; There is also a Y. M. C. A. and every day strong Bible teaching.

There are two United States' mission boards working in Santiago; one carries on the girls' school (Santiago College), the other the boys' (El Instituto Ingles). *I have met the same thing before* in my travels with Aunt Julia; it is said to be a fine arrangement, for a few years from now, when the students will want to marry, the boys can find well-trained Christian wives and the girls well-trained Christian husbands right here in Santiago! And wherever they may go they'll set up Christian homes, and *that* will be a fine thing for South America!

Thanking you all again,

Your *not-so-homesick,*

BETTY.

(*Concluded in Part Three*)

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depth's of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!
The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

Series II, in which Betty "Goes Abroad"

"Travels"

II. Betty's Trip to South America

PART THIRD
(Argentine—Brazil)

KATHARINE R. CROWELL
Author of "Fair America," "Pioneers" "Japan for Juniors," etc.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST

Order from HEADQUARTERS of your Woman's Board of Foreign Missions

Price, 5 cents.

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by Katharine R. Crowell

Betty's Trip to South America

PART THIRD

Santiago, de Chile, South America,
January, 191—

DEAR GIRLS:

I am writing a line as we are about to start for Buenos Aires. Harold left us yesterday, to take the steamer at Valparaiso for the journey around the Horn; we are going *across country* over the Andes and through Argentina.

How we shall miss Harold! He hopes to catch up with us again at Rio de Janeiro.

My! that is a long name. After this I shall call it simply "Rio"!

Now we go *via* the Transandine Railroad, up, up, up to the clouds again, and then—*at last,* Gladys!—*we'll ride on a pampa!* (or *over* one). Expect to be in B. A. in *two days.*

Lovingly,
BETTY.

Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. A.,
January, 191—

MY DEAR MISS MARGARET:

We arrived in this city two days ago, and I have not caught my breath yet! Buenos Aires, indeed all that we have seen of the Argentine, is perfectly *amazing.* So big and splendid and *rushing.* Aunt Julia says it is *too* rushing, for the people are not yet ready to bear such a *whirl;* it makes them dizzy. I don't know about *that*—it is too deep for me—but I do know that everything is tremendously interesting and exciting.

We came over the mountains through the most ***magnificent*** grandeur, perfectly wonder-

ful and beautiful, but when we had climbed up 12,000 feet and over, the scenery was terribly black and wild and *stern,* almost frightening. Here the train went through a tunnel and so we missed the summit of the pass and "The Christ of the Andes". You told us about this wonderful statue, Miss Margaret, why it was put there and what it means. I was *dreadfully* disappointed not to see it. Aunt Julia says it could be seen from the former stage route over the pass. The tunnel saves time and a wild and thrilling ride down terrific descents, but deprives one of that vision!

But we saw the sunrise in the Andes, and the glory of it will never fade from my heart, I know.

But the pampas! and the horses and cattle and sheep! Millions and millions! And after that the enormous wheat fields, looking in January as we would see them at home in July, a great billowy ocean of golden waves.

This trip across the plains was such a funny change from the zig-zags and spirals and horseshoe curves of the mountains. Why, Miss Margaret, on the pampas the railroad runs for one hundred and seventy-five miles *without a curve,* and over such a flat country that there is scarcely a hummock to be seen and it was only a few days ago that I was watching Mount Aconcagua, nearly four miles and a half up in the sky!

These immense pasture-lands and wheat fields of course made me think of our western country. I said so to Aunt Julia.

"There is one great difference, Betty," said Auntie. "What is it?"

"There are no houses", I said, "no comfortable, home-y looking farmhouses and barns. Is that what you mean, Auntie?"

"That *is* what I mean," said Auntie, "and from now on we shall notice this very thing. When you are older, Betty, looking back on this trip you will realize that it is the explanation of much of the ignorance and misery which we are finding in South America. A very few people own almost all the land and millions do not own any at all."

I thought I had become used to the *antiquity* of South America! Nevertheless, I was simply astonished to find that Buenos Aires was in existence in *1535!* yet it looks and *feels* like a modern city and a very splendid one, too. There are many elegant buildings, cathedrals, art galleries, a magnificent newspaper building, a great many beautiful parks and gardens and such handsome, well-kept streets, especially the *Avenida de Mayo.* There are so many interesting things to be seen and places to go to that I cannot find time to write very much, but I know you will want to hear about the mission work.

Buenos Aires is about the size of Philadelphia, Pa. Aunt Julia says that all large cities are alike in having terribly wicked and sorrowful things to fight against, but Philadelphia, she says, has five hundred protestant churches with hundreds of thousands of members to help her in her fight for righteousness, and Buenos Aires has only *ten.* Each city has about forty Roman Catholic churches.

So you see, all the Christian workers here have their hands full.

One evening I went with Aunt Julia to a big popular meeting, held in an immense theater. Sitting next to me was a gray-haired lady who spoke to me pleasantly *in North American* and told me very interesting things about the people seated on the platform. Presently, an usher came and spoke to her. She smiled but shook her head. The usher said the President had sent for her, and at that the lady arose and followed as the usher led the way *to the platform.* A gentleman—I *suppose* it was the President of Argentina!—came forward to greet her and this brought down the house in tremendous applause.

Who, do you suppose, was the honored lady? She was the first kindergarten teacher to come to Buenos Aires, and what do you think led her to come?

This was the way of it: President Sarmiento, who gave to the Argentine its splendid system of schools, wishing to establish a Normal Training School, commissioned a mis-

sionary from the United States, stationed at Buenos Aires, when he was about to go home for his furlough, to select and bring back with him suitable teachers for this school. This gray-haired lady—but she was not gray-haired *then,*—was one of the chosen staff. I wish you could have heard the applause that burst forth when she appeared on the platform. Aunt Julia was *delighted* as she is with everything that reflects glory on her beloved missionaries!

Of course we have visited all the mission schools in Buenos Aires; Aunt Julia says a school is one of the missionary's tools and the sharper and keener the tool the finer work it can do, and she just *glows* over a finely equipped boarding school with a faculty of well-trained Christian teachers.

We have also traveled about a great deal and one day stopped off at a town called Lujan where we saw such a strange sight, Miss Margaret! As we walked through the streets I noticed in every shop window a display of statues and images of the Virgin Mary and when we turned into a street leading to the cathedral there were crowds of people *creeping along on their knees* on their way to the cathedral to worship the Virgin.

There are constant pilgrimages to this shrine and every year hundreds of thousands of images of the Virgin are sold; this is the reason, we are told, for the town's prosperity. When we got back from the railroad station, men, women and children were still coming from the train who would creep on their knees more than a mile to reach the cathedral.

Until that day the Argentine had seemed in some ways a good deal like parts of the United States, *but this pilgrimage did not.*

I liked better something we saw in Rosario, a large city on the Parana river, which is built on a bluff so high that it is above the tops of the masts of the shipping in the water below. Aunt Julia's object here was the *American College,* a fine mission boarding school for girls on the Mount Holyoke plan. The building is large and modern and always

full, supporting itself and also a large free school in a poorer part of the city. The American College is about thirty years old. The Principal told us that many lovely wives and mothers of Rosario were once pupils in this Argentine "Mount Holyoke".

After all I have told you hardly anything about Argentina; yet there is *so much* to tell. Well, it must all wait until I get home. I think I could give a whole year of travelogues at our meetings! I hope you have received all the post cards mailed you since we left Santiago. Any one of them will be enough to set me off! All I need is *a squeeze* for I am *completely* saturated.

Please give my love to Uncle Robert—*if you should happen to see him!*

Your loving

BETTY.

Montevideo, Uruguay, South America,
February, 191—

DEAR GIRLS:

If you were in Montevideo, you would go about with your eyes—perhaps your mouth!—wide open in perfect astonishment; unless you happened to be less ignorant than I was when I arrived.

Why, Montevideo is a *beautiful* city, containing 390,000 people. *Would* you not open your eyes?

The city is built on a low promontory and in its growth has run far back into the flat country behind, and around the *Cerro,* a lofty hill which rises so suddenly out of the flat plain that it is no wonder the first people to land at this point exclaimed *"Monte* video!"

I have met some *lovely* girls at Crandon Institute in this city. As you may guess, the Institute is a mission boarding school, a splendid one, too. These educated Christian South American girls are *fascinating;* so attractive and winning, so cordial and sweet. I *love* them! and some of them are going to do a wonderful work for the less fortunate girls whose lives are now *dreadfully* sad.

We have seen a good deal of Uruguay, the smallest of the South American republics. It is a country of rolling plains and small ranges of hills. You should see the great cattle and sheep ranches. *These* I enjoyed, but not the enormous places where the cattle and sheep were turned into frozen beef and mutton!

But we had a *beautiful* time at the Waldensian Settlement. On our way to it Auntie and I had nad long talks—in the usual way; Auntie talking and I listening and asking questions!—about the Waldensians and their splendid history, and it was simply *thrilling* to see the descendants of those old heroes—and also their wonderful flower gardens in perfectly *riotous* bloom!

Altogether, I think of all the countries we have so far seen in South America, I would choose Uruguay to *live in*.

We shall soon be in Brazil—which I suppose will be very different from the Spanish republics. But perhaps you don't know, my dears, that Brazil is, or was, a Portuguese country! If I have time, I'll tell you *why*, later. You see I have been devouring Aunt Julia's books (some of them) and know a whole lot about Brazil. It is an *enormous* country, for one thing. As large, I believe, as the United States, *including* Alaska.

But we shall not see all of it! And we must skip little, shut-in Paraguay, entirely. *Too* bad! I *did* so want to see the wonderful Iguazu Falls.

But—what can't be cured *must* be endured, I suppose! And think what I *have* seen! and so I am,

Cheerfully yours, (!)
BETTY.

On-the-way-to Sao Paulo, Feb., 191—

OH, GIRLS!

We did take a flying trip through Paraguay, and DID see Iguazu Falls!! And Paraguay is *so* interesting—the first Spanish settlement in eastern South America to hold out, and with such heroic history—perfectly fascinating and all new to me! The country we have

traveled over is in some parts charming to look at and very fertile. I may after all choose Paraguay when I come to live in South America!

The 80,000 people who live in Asuncion have a clean and pleasant city. To reach it we sailed more than one thousand miles up the river and after all that distance, the city is only two hundred feet above the sea. Yet another thousand miles "cross lots" would take us up to La Paz, which is, as I have before remarked, 12,500 feet high. I might say in passing that those particular *lots* are not often crossed by the white man, the whole region being one of the few spots still marked "Unexplored" on the map of the world. It is known to be the abode of pagan and savage Indians. *Room for missionary work there* and missionaries *are there!* At least, one missionary is. He is sent out by the South American Missionary Society. Doesn't that give you thrills? If not, ask Miss Margaret to tell you again the story of Allen Gardiner. "Spaniard Harbor" and Captain Gardiner's prayer I have never forgotten. Part of the answer to his prayer for the Indians is this heroic missionary to the Indians of the *Gran Chaco.*

And would you believe it? There are missionaries *here* from the United States; they came on the urgent invitation of the Paraguayan Government and are doing splendid work. You must remind me to tell you about the boys' and girls' schools when I get home. We were in Asuncion over Sunday and heard *a North American* sermon, the last thing I should have expected! *But I'm learning*—the mantle of ignorance is beginning to drop off!

I must write just a wriggling word (we are now on the train, going by rail to Sao Paulo and the roadbed is not quite so smooth as the "Pennsy") about the falls of the Parana, at the point where three countries—Brazil, Paraguay and the Argentine—meet.

There is a series of falls and the highest is 210 feet. This is the way the water comes down:

"Dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing—
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at"—Iguazu!

through the most magnificent scenery. You simply cannot imagine the gorgeousness of it all—gigantic trees, and trailing over them brilliant-flowered creepers, and orchids, *beyond belief*, and as if that riot of color were not intoxicating enough, bright-winged birds flashed *through rainbows* and butterflies like jewels fairly dazzled the air!

I shall never forget it—never; but I have not yet had my heart's desire as to *falls*. I *wonder* if Aunt Julia will ever—but that depends a good deal on her publisher! Just now I must be gathering my traps together, for we are not far from Sao Paulo.

Lots of love from
BETTY.

P. S. Aunt Julia has read this letter over my shoulder. I glanced at her and lo! her eyes were all crinkled up in a laugh.

"What is it, Auntie?" I said anxiously. "I did not mean to be *funny!*"

"I was only thinking, dear," said Auntie, really laughing now, "that your letters fairly groan with italics and bristle with exclamations and I wonder, Betty, that there is an *adjective* left in the dictionary!"

"But, Auntie," I said, "I want the girls to know how I *feel* and South America *is* in the superlative, so I need exclamations and when it comes to *Iguazu Falls*, there are really *not enough* adjectives in the dictionary! I almost had to use some of them *twice*."

"Well!" said Auntie with a laugh and a little sigh, too, "You'll get over it in time". Then she kissed me (*in the train!*) and said, "But don't let it be too soon, Betty of the Bright-eyes! I love you, bristles and all, just as you are."

"Perhaps, Auntie," I said, with a glance at the spear-heads—I had no *idea* I had used *so many*—"if you called me Betty of the Bristles, or Bristling Betty, it might help"—

"Nonsense, child", said Auntie laughing, "Bristle all you like, and continue to be *Betty-Bubbling-over,* for that is what we are *used to!*"

B. M.

Sao Paulo, Brazil, South America,
March, 191—

My dear Miss Margaret:

At last we are in Brazil. As I wrote to the girls, Aunt Julia suddenly found Paraguay a possibility, which was glorious, but we have missed some interesting places in Southern Brazil. Auntie hopes, though, to run down to Curityba; she says the fine school for boys and girls—the Eschola Americana—has been one of her pet interests *for years* and she simply cannot go home without seeing it.

But I must tell you about Sao Paulo. It is a large and beautiful city, 2,000 feet above sea level. This makes a delightful climate, not too warm and quite bracing. There are many handsome buildings but of course the most interesting *to us* are those of Mackenzie College. Aunt Julia thinks this is the best college in all Latin America! She says that the beginning of Protestant educational work in Sao Paulo was a group of a dozen children, gathered to be taught in a room of the missionary's home. Now there are many buildings on the campus and students in all grades and departments number 842! The kindergarten of this system of schools was the first in Brazil and the model for the government kindergartens. (*One* for missions!)

We went by rail seventy-five miles to Santos, which is, next to Rio, the greatest coffee shipping port in the world. The air is full of the fragrance of *millions* of pounds of coffee! Santos used to be dreaded on account of its terrible fevers, but now it is a very healthy city—clean and attractive.

But, oh, Miss Margaret, the *people* of Brazil! We have seen very few who are really *white;* so many are black and *so many* of all kinds of shades!—Europeans and Indians and Negroes, in every degree of mixture. I remembered what brought the Negroes here from Africa and was surprised when looking at the map, to see what a short distance they had to come! Aunt Julia says that even if Columbus had *not* said, *"On* and *On!* and *On!"* South America would surely have been discovered in time by mariners bound for the Cape of Good Hope and driven westward before the wind within sight of the continent.

Another thing surprises me, Miss Margaret. That is that so many nations tried to get possession of this eastern coast. We have perfectly *thrilling* talks trying to think how it might have been—that is, how things would be now, if France or Holland or England had succeeded in their attempts. Why, the Dutch really had a "New Amsterdam" down here even before they had one in North America, and if we can stop at Pernambuco as Aunt Julia hopes to, we shall probably see *blue plates* and other relics, such as *our* Dutch-descended people are so proud of! I never *dreamed* that the Dutch ever owned *any* part of South America—excepting of course, Dutch Guiana, and Auntie says they got *it* from England in exchange for our "New Amsterdam," which then became New York!

We *are* going to Curityba! and Auntie has just called *"Elizabeth!"* in rather a crisp tone which I know means "Come *at once* to get ready!" So, I fly!

As always, your

BETTY.

P. S. Auntie glanced over this. "It seems to me, Betty," she said, "that Aunt Julia says a great many things!"

"Well, *she does,* Auntie," I said.

"You *incorrigible* child!" she said, but her eyes were laughing, so it was all right, but we had to *fly* for the train!

B. M.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S. A.,
March, 191—

DEAR GIRLS:

Rio is simply wonderful! I feel like the country girl who tried to write home a description of the Panama Exposition.

Dear Mother: (she wrote).

I have been to the Fair. !!!!!!

Your affectionate daughter,
SARAH JANE.

That is about all *I* can do.

Such wide, beautiful, clean *Avenidas*—four rows of trees, flowers down the middle and the loveliest electric lighting! Such an enchanting harbor with the city beautiful coming down in a crescent to meet it! Such a *superb* sea-drive! And the entrancing mountains as a background for the wonderful beauty! *And color!*

All this proves Rio to be in *Latin* America, for in it love of beauty is first and usefulness next. They would do without usefulness, I'm sure, if it must be ugly. I think of some Anglo-Saxon cities I have seen, and *groan!* Why do you suppose it is, that when we have taught other folks—Havana, Aunt Julia says, was the object lesson and it has been only a few years since Rio and Santos were "cleaned up"—we should not be immaculate ourselves? There's "a poser" for *you!*

We have seen too the splendid suburbs—Oh, *lovely!*—and we have been in the woods that surround the city, where there are tall palms and fruit trees *growing wild,* and pineapples, *delicious* when they are gathered all ripe and luscious—bananas, mangoes—can't begin even to name them all, and *more* birds of exquisite plumage, and *more* radiant butterflies!

Taking it altogether, I think the beauty of this River-of-January city has slightly "gone to my head"!

If only it were as good as it is beautiful!

I suppose there is only one place as good as Rio is beautiful and that is the Beautiful City into which can enter nothing that is unclean nor that maketh a lie. But there are

many people here giving their lives to spread the knowledge of Christ; and their work is extending even beyond Rio. There is a splendid Y. M. C. A., and churches and schools and much printing of good liteature.

Girls, it is the most splendid thing to teach the boys and girls of South America to read English! There are no lovely books like ours written in Spanish or in Portuguese and think of the pleasure that knowing English will open up!

Fancy girls who have never heard of Little Women or Anne of Green Gables nor Dave Porter nor Billy Topsail nor Henty nor the Youths' Companion nor Longfellow—why all these and Emmie Lou too, are *our* intimate friends and there are *thousands* of others that we simply *adore.*

The girls may be able to read the Bible in Spanish or in Portuguese, but they have none of the books *that the Bible has taught people to write.* So whenever I see *English* classes, my heart jumps for joy.

We shall leave beautiful Rio soon. *I shall never forget it.*

Your loving friend,
BETTY.

But Harold did not arrive!

Bahia, Brazil, S. A.,
April, 191—

DEAR MISS MARGARET:

There is time for only one more letter from South America, and I shall write it to you.

Bahia is very interesting and *unusual.* There is a lower town where we landed and high on a cliff above it is built an upper one to which we ascended in an elevator! The upper town gives a fine view of the lower town and the Bay.

Bahia is the oldest city in Brazil and is next to Rio in size. We have had a perfectly dandy time and enjoyed seeing the mission work, but I want to tell you first about our *itinerating trip.* We went away back into the interior for about 400 miles, over the mountains and across streams until we came to the San Francisco

river. There is a railroad for a part of the distance; after that we traveled on mule back. Such *adventures! killingly* funny, some of them were. Aunt Julia says the novelty and unexpectedness of the happenings is what makes them *so amusing* as when in crossing a river our pack mule suddenly disappeared in a deep hole and all our belongings were *perfectly* soaked—if you could have seen us, Miss Margaret, sitting on the rocks, with all our worldly goods spread out around us for the sun to dry them! We looked so *ridiculous,* and Aunt *Julia*—Oh, I nearly *died* laughing!

But I can see how, as Auntie says, when these things have happened for fifty times and the missionaries know beforehand that they *will* happen, then when they *do,* it may not be so screamingly funny! and Auntie says that this is what itinerating in the country back from the railroads means to the missionaries.

Well, at last our guide told us that we were near our journey'e end, so we began to look for signs of a mission station. Suddenly I saw a bright, homey-looking house.

"There it is!" I called out.

"How do you know it is?" Aunt Julia called back.

"By the white curtains in the windows and the flowers in the balcony," I said. "I'm *sure* that is the missionary's house," and it was! And, presently, a smiling lady, wearing a white dress with heliotrope and lemon verbena in her belt, came down the road to meet us.

The minute I saw her blue eyes and heard her merry catching laugh—which made me laugh too, I simply *loved* her. She said she couldn't begin to tell us how glad she was to see us or how kind we were to come to see her and then she took us into her dear little home—the brightest, coziest rooms with books and pictures. There was one that looked like the picture of Mark Twain but the missionary said it was her father and I saw tears glisten in her eyes as she looked at it.

After we had seen her house and the garden, where there is an *orange* tree growing as naturally as if it bore apples or cherries, we were invited to dine. A perfectly *delicious* dinner, with fresh-picked oranges for dessert!

Well, that was only the beginning, for we stayed *three days* and saw how she is helping everybody within reach to be happier and better, and all the time I was thinking, how *could* she live here alone, and *not hearing a North American word,* year after year, and then when the place has grown dear because she has done so much for it, and all the people are her warm friends (if they *do* tell her so in Portuguese), and there is a little church and a Sunday school which she has built up—*then* she must move away from it all to some new and even lonelier place and *do it all over again,* for this is the way of missionaries in Brazil!

I'll never forget, Miss Margaret, how she looked when she said to Aunt Julia, as they talked about the work in Brazil.

"As I look at it, Miss Temple, we are not here essentially or expressly to make Protestants of the people. We are doing what every Christian worker does in any land; we are fighting sin and evil and sorrow and trying to bring our people to 'the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.'

"When they find this, the errors of Rome usually fall away of their own weight."

Then she looked at me and smiled. "It is a hard fight, Betty," she said, "and we need soldiers to help us".

And I smiled back at her, and in my heart I thought, "What if *I* should come back to South America some day, and help her in her hard fight!"

What would you think of that, Miss Margaret, for

Your lovingest child,
BETTY.